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NEW HORIZONS FOR GREG COHEN



Photo courtesy of Greg Cohen

UAS graphic artist Greg Cohen has traded in his rain shoes and duck shoes for sunglasses and sandals, moving from the rainforest of Southeast Alaska to the palm-lined beaches of Hawaii. Cohen has just started a new job as an artistic director on the island of Lanai, a 10-minute flight from Maui. Castle and Cooke, the company that owns the island and its two large hotels, has plans to turn the island into a thriving arts center like Taos or Santa Fe. Cohen was chosen for the job because of his extensive experience with in graphic arts and computer graphics. We'll miss him at UAS (thanks for all your help with the *Whalesong*) but we wish him well.

Academic opportunities for summer and fall

By Elizabeth Kunibe
Whalesong Contributor

Skim boarders at Sandy Beach, surfers at Yakutat and heli skiers have something in common. They will be having competition this summer with UAS class offerings and events. No, it's not Hot Tub 101.

Professor Robin Walz will be teaching Hist 105: World History I, Hist 280: History of Women in Europe and Hist 420: The Holocaust. Walking across the campus one day a student asked him if he had his book list out yet for his class *The Holocaust*. I was curious about the class and why a student wants the book list now. Some students are going to spend parts of their summer studying. I decided to explore some of the classes and events that are scheduled. I spoke with him specifically about his HIST 420: *The Holocaust*. The course ties into current world events and is becoming more popular as students learn more about the event itself and realize there is ongoing genocide in the world. The Holocaust is a cataclysmic and horrific event in history. Professor Walz states, "There was a broad net of people caught up in the Holocaust and the full force of network persecution came down harder on the Jews. The important point of *The Holocaust* class is for the student to understand how the persecution of one group can slide over and become the persecution of another group."

An example of this is the Patriot Act, which is designed to address anti-terrorism but applies to us in everyday life. Being suspected of something is a reason to be searched rather than the authorities having to have a concrete reason or some evidence of proof. Examples are police questioning of people driving into an airport parking lot and being subject to a search for no reason other than suspicion. Classes being offered by Professor Walz are moving with history being made today and are tying it into the past as well as developing new topics and subjects.

Many teachers are asking the question, do you know where your students are? Contrary to popular theory school doesn't stop because the sun is out. I know the study group for HIST 106 meets in the hot tub. It has been many an evening that agrarian giants and industrialization have been discussed over the noise from the bubbling jets of the tub.

Following up on early clues of salinity changes in Kachemak Bay observed by Jacques Cousteau when

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Self-proclaimed Baghdad mayor prepares for office amid skepticism by city residents

By Carol Rosenberg, Jessica Guynn and
Ken Moritsugu
Knight Ridder Newspapers

BAGHDAD, Iraq- Mohammed al Zubaidi smiled for the television cameras as supporters carried the self-proclaimed new mayor of Baghdad through a city plaza Sunday, but bystanders were far from impressed. Al Zubaidi, a former Iraqi exile, said last week that a local council elected him to lead the Iraqi capital. The U.S. military says it doesn't recognize anyone as mayor yet. Al Zubaidi is a close associate of Iraqi National Congress head Ahmed Chalabi, a pro-American former exile who also has returned to Baghdad, with help from the Pentagon.

"We don't want a new regime with people we never heard of," said Majid Ahmed, 37, an office employee who was outside the Palestine Hotel. "The Americans brought these people here for what? ... I want someone liberal and democratic."

After 20 years of brutal dictatorship, there are few potential political leaders who are respected by ordinary Iraqis, or even known to them.

Retired U.S. Lt. Gen. Jay Garner, the man charged with running Iraq until the Iraqis form their own government, was expected to arrive in Baghdad on Monday. His mission is to preside over a U.S. presence as long as is necessary to ensure a transition to a stable democratic government, and not one day longer, the White House has said. How long that might be was a subject of growing debate Sunday.

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OVERSIZE

EDITORIAL & OPINION

The Whalesong

The student voice
of UAS

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The University of Alaska Southeast student newspaper, *The Whalesong*, is a free bi-monthly publication with a circulation of 1000 copies per issue. The Whalesong's primary audience includes students, faculty, staff, and community members.

The Whalesong will strive to inform and entertain its readers, analyze and provide commentary on the news, and serve as a public forum for the free exchange of ideas.

The staff of *The Whalesong* values freedom of expression and encourages reader response. *The Whalesong* editorial staff assumes no responsibility for the content of material. The views and opinions contained in this paper in no way represent the University of Alaska, and reflect only those of the author(s).

Everyone's an alcoholic according to AUDIT

By Michael Johnson
Whalesong Staff

The first
Alcohol-
ics

Anonymous
meeting I went

to, I was wasted. I can remember a ballooning black woman motioning from the front of the group, beckoning me to the podium with a motion of her big black eyes that were diminished by the big black bags underneath them. What I can't remember, or maybe never learned, was her name. But I bet it was Bertha. Yeah, that was it.

Huge, this behemoth. Gargantuan, gigantic, dinosaur-dwarfing dimensions. I approached the podium, giving Bertha a steely, goofy glare that was supposed to just be steely. *Don't let this bloated Brontosaurus discover you're drunk*, I can remember mumbling to myself, *she'll bite into me for sure, and suck my blood for alcohol content, protein, and pleasure.*

As she slowly grazed away, I redirected my gaze to the previously troubled audience, who seemed to be in better spirits after taking a few seconds to compare themselves to the likes of me. And maybe for good reason: I was dumbfounded, speechless, a deer in headlights. I was in real trouble.

And, as luck would have it, it didn't take long for me to mess up. The first thing I slurred out of my mouth was, "Hello" (so far, so good), "My name is Al" (what?!), "and I'm a Michael-holic." (□□Doh!) I was even tore up enough to do the Homer Simpson signature forehead slap as I inwardly doh-ed. Had my better judgment been around, I would've strangled it like Bart Simpson, right there on the spot. So embarrassing, but wait ...

Looking up at my audience, I quickly discovered that I was a comedian. *THEY THINK IT IS A JOKE!* Of course! Who could be so unintelligent unintentionally? Michael-holic ... I was the funny man. Ten to one my audience's collective favorite comedian was Rodney Dangerfield, but I didn't care. Even Bertha warmed up to me, I'd say a good 60 percent. And 60 percent of Bertha is about the weight of a Buick, so I wasn't complaining, as long as she didn't sit on me. The whole night turned out to be so successful that I began attending meetings regularly, even after I was cured.

I'm joking. Actually, I've never been cured. I'm still a raging alcoholic, or at least that's what the National Screening Day survey form would have me believe. Some UASers might be wondering right now, "why did you take the stupid survey in the first place? Sounds like a waste of time." Students, they got me with the pizza: the smell of that greasy goodness had me filling out the form faster than Bertha could bellow "BEEFCAKE!" Which she did on regular intervals.

I inhaled the pizza like how I imagine inhaling pot might be like, if only it were legal. But after it was gone, I was still starving. Seconds later, in line for some cafeteria mashed potatoes and mystery meat, I was approached by my previous screener. Right there, in a sea of students, she said, "Michael?" I raised an eyebrow in acknowledgement and she continued, "I have your screening results..." and proceeded to publicly

SCREENING RECOMMENDATION - TO BE FILLED OUT BY CLINICIAN

☐ No follow-up

☒ Advised talking with health provider

☒ Outpatient Referral

☒ Advised reducing drinking levels

☐ Inpatient Referral

☒ Advised to stop drinking

divulge the pathetic-ness that I encompass and the drastic steps she recommends as a remedy. Right there in the cafeteria: friends in earshot, eavesdroppers everywhere. Unbelievable. I gaped at my perpetrator and said nothing, perhaps fearing another A.A. episode. *How the hell does she even know my name?* I pondered, *and what the hell is in that mystery meat anyways?* Moose, mice, Bertha? I feared I would never learn the answer to any of these questions.

Fortunately, I did. My name must've been acquired from the slip of the drawing I entered—separate from, but done immediately following my survey completion. And that meat was made from Bertha. Go figure.

Many people are probably wondering who this woman screener is, but, much as I would like to tell you, I am morally obligated to respect her privacy. So, let's just call her Michele H. No, I take it back; let's call her M. Harmon instead. Sorry, UASers, I got to respect her anonymity, I don't believe in taking revenge. I'm a turn-the-other-cheek kind of guy.

Back to my results—they were terrible. Disgustingly so. In fact, based on the Alcohol Use Disorders Identification Test (AUDIT), I should be dead. I'm a miracle of science! The clinician's "screening recommendation" included: 1) advised talking with health provider, 2) advised reduce drinking levels, 3) advised to stop drinking, and 4) outpatient referral. Cripes, it is a good thing I wasn't *totally* honest, or I would've been approached by white-uniformed men holding a straight jacket and billyclubs instead of a concerned woman.

Now back to my A.A. meeting: that was all crap. I am not, nor have ever been an alcoholic, though I do drink. I worry that tests like the AUDIT don't even see a difference between the two, and that every test-taker who appreciates a cold one decidedly has a problem. Me? I am pretty active outdoors, get good grades, teach mathematics, and only kill bad people. I also am a stereotypical college student in that I like to get hammered every now and again. What are tests like the AUDIT trying to accomplish? They take 10 questions and then, based off them, sweepingly generalize the student populace so they can try to change a tradition as old as college itself. I find this feeble effort ridiculous, as 1) it will never happen, and 2) it shouldn't ever happen.

Friends, UASers, drinking-men, lend me your beers! Do not be fooled into believing you have an alcohol problem if you sporadically consume a six-pack in a night (a problem exists if that six-pack is Natural Ice, but that is only an issue of taste and economics). We are in college, our time is now! Don't be stupid, but enjoy yourself. Even let yourself go a little—do it now—before all the responsibilities and harsh realities of adulthood suffocate your sense of recklessness and adventure. Don't want to drink? Don't drink. Feel like a brewsky? Don't let a stupid survey be the thing that stops you.

Letters to the Editor

The Whalesong gladly accepts letters to the editor. Letters may not exceed 300 words, and may be edited for length, clarity, and grammar. Letters must be signed and include a means of contact for verification. Send your letters to 11120 Glacier Highway, Juneau, AK 99801, whalesong@uas.alaska.edu, by fax to (907) 465-6399, or bring them to Room 102, Mourant Bldg.

Impeach Bush: I don't think so

By Sandra Galeana
Whalesong Contributor

While I was on the UAS campus I came across a ballot that said, "Vote to Impeach Bush." My mouth dropped to the floor as I read the charges against Bush. I thought everyone understood Bush and this war. So in order to clear things up I decided to address you, the public.

In 2000 George Bush was voted into presidency. The nation believed in Bush so he was placed in the position.

In 2001 on September 11, planes were flown into the twin towers killing about 3000 people. When the nation heated up and wanted to go to war for this outrage Bush kept a level head. Instead of killing thousands of innocent people by going and bombing the country that Bin Laden was from, Bush waited, searched and increased his military action so that the problem could be handled when he knew what exactly was going on.

In the late afternoon on September 11, Bush declared war, not on an innocent country but to any act of terrorism. Bush was determined to take the fear out of the hearts of the nation and the only way to do so was destroy what the nation feared. By declaring war on terrorism, the nation stood strong, needing and wanting to fight back. The people wanted peace once again. Unfortunately, peace comes with a price.

In 2003, Saddam Hussein threatened the U.S. with chemical and biological weapons. So, not going back on his word, Bush declares war on Hussein. Our soldiers are now over in Iraq trying to take out every weapon that threatens the U.S.

The soldiers are fighting to save our lives. Bush declared war to protect his people and to bring back freedoms to the U.S. He even stated that if there are any more attacks on U.S. grounds he would order a nuclear weapon to be fired on their land. Because of this claim, America has not been attacked since September 11.

However, our own people attack our grounds. There are people out there who have one thing on their mind and cannot seem to grasp the idea of what this war really means. Protesters stand on the streets and yell "Peace not War" yet they don't seem to understand that war is needed to bring peace. It is an awful truth but that is the way the world works. As long as there are threats there will be war on earth.

These protesters claim to want peace not war, but if they were to look at the situation they would find that there is no peace when a biological or chemical weapon hangs over your head. I myself would have a very hard time sleeping at night not knowing when the bomb might go off.

It is true that these protesters have a right to freedom of speech and they can speak it as much as they want even in times of war. With this freedom of speech they have placed a ballot to impeach Bush for four different crimes. I don't mind protesters marching the streets with signs in their hands with a harmless protest, but when they bring other lives in to make their point, such as, laying in the streets, throwing rocks at other people, and trying to impeach Bush. Yes, impeach Bush, a man who has tried to protect and serve America.

The protester banner states four reasons why they would like Bush impeached:

- 1) Bush is attacking an innocent land,
- 2) Bush has killed or captured over 3000 terrorists,

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Sad loss at Housing Lodge

By Rachel Schneider
Whalesong Contributor

The day I graduate I am going to Seaworld, and I am going to jump in the tank with the whales. What? I can't do that? But I have a degree! Training? Experience? I already told you, I have a degree!

It is unrealistic for a student to think that just because he or she has a degree, the or she will be able to perform the job. The day you receive a degree, you do not instantly gain the experience necessary to function well in the work place. Experience is more important than accredited. Today it is becoming ever so clear that without a degree, you won't even get the time of day from an employer, experience or not.

This unfortunate truth has become a reality for someone that many of you know and rely on at this school, Jeanny Wharton. Many of those living on campus may have seen Jeanny at the lodge. She has worked for this university for nine years. Jeanny is to be let go from her position where she has managed and maintained the lodge for seven years. In her place, they will employ a degree-holding person to cover both the lodge desk and Banfield managing positions. (Think Marine Biology student jumping into killer whale tank.) This person is expected to have the ability to handle this position just because they have a degree. Terminating Jeanny's position like this is unfair, and I sincerely believe that the way a university treats their employees reflects strongly on the way they treat their students. I am going into my senior year, (as a Marine Biology student) and for the life of me I probably couldn't pass an intro biology class. I can't tell whales apart, and I sure as hell don't feel that I could jump in a whale tank the day I graduate. What this tells you is that coffee and a blank stare could get anybody a degree; it just takes four years and a lot of money. Neither of which Jeanny has.

I have made my point with this article. Whether it helps or not is out of my control. Voice your opinion to Student Resources on the decision to let Jeanny go. If this is resolved, and Jeanny is not let go, they will be doing the right thing. If not, Jeanny, you have been loyal, honest, hardworking, and caring. You will be missed. You are appreciated by the hundreds of students who have had the pleasure of knowing you over the years. Thank you for all that you have done. And thank you for doing so much; you have given them so much that they will realize they don't have, once it is gone.

Wait, when did that happen? I must have missed it!

By Chelsea Aughe
Whalesong Contributor

There are so many wonderful activities at UAS that so many students would love to attend, but the advertising for such events is ridiculously poor. If the school doesn't let the students know about the activities they have planned, how can they expect people to attend?

The school has a certain amount of money reserved for nothing but activities. They take the time to plan and pay big bucks for great activities that end up having a low turn out because no one was informed about it. A few weeks ago a poetry reading by Broken Word was held at the SAC. I heard about it only because my sister is an employee there. Otherwise, I would be like the majority of students around campus who had no idea that they were even coming. The only advertisement that I saw for Broken Word, which I didn't even see until after the performance, was a

Letters to the Editor

After several short stints of attending other colleges I finally wound up back home in Alaska with a strong commitment to obtain a degree. Currently, I am a student at the University of Alaska Southeast in Juneau and I plan to graduate on May 4 with a Bachelor's degree in Environmental Sciences. As a result I feel a strong need to thank the faculty of the Environmental Science Department for all their hard work and time they put into the program.

Although some of my experiences with the "institution" have been trying at times, I have gained insight and have a new found enthusiasm for the future. Thank you for the inspiration to pursue goals and dreams that I had no idea existed within me until only recently. I would especially like to thank the following people who, be it idols, mentors, or heroes (or all of the above), made a profound difference in my life:

Karalyn Crocker-Bedford, instructor at the University of Alaska Southeast-Ketchikan, who planted the seed that grew into my love of the sciences, and the Environmental Science Instructors at the University of Alaska Southeast-Juneau, Todd Walters, Cathy Connor, Carl Byers, Roman Motyka, and Eran Hood who all helped me continue my love of the sciences (and of course my mom, Arlene Akers, for making all of this possible)

Thank you so much for putting up with me, giving me a positive outlook, and most importantly, making it fun and keeping it real! Thank you, Cathy for the research opportunities that I never imagined I would have been part of. I hope I make you proud out there. Also, hats off to my hardworking colleagues for being unique, complicated, and sometimes even supportive. Good luck and I'll see you in the real world.

Sincerely,
Michelle R. Akers,
Class of 2003

single blue sheet of paper with black writing on it. There was nothing about it that stood out, and it was posted on the big bulletin board in the Hendrickson Building where it was drowned out by the overload of other eight by eleven-inch sheets of paper. The school paid Broken Word about \$2000 to come to UAS to perform. It seems to me that if they are going to do all of that, then they can take the extra step to let us know what's going on. After all, the activity was planned for us, wasn't it?

Each student pays \$100 for the activities that the SAC and activities office provide. If they are going to make us pay, then they should let us know what's going on. The advertisement for these types of activities could use major improvement.

Bush continued from page 3

- 3) Bush threatened to strike first with nuclear bombs, and
- 4) Bush is not following the Bill of Rights.

Take number one, Bush is attacking an innocent land. That statement couldn't be more wrong. Would you consider a land that hides biological and chemical weapons to be innocent? A regime that was willing to use its weapons on America? I don't think so.

How about number two, where Bush has killed or captured over 3000 terrorists? Would you honestly think that Bush committed a crime? He just made our nation safer by getting rid of our fear and creating peace for us Americans.

Number three states that Bush threatened to strike first with nuclear bombs. Yes but in response there has not been another attack on America. If we are going to fight terrorism, we must do it with force and show them that we are not afraid to use anything to have peace back in our land.

Finally, number four where they say Bush has not followed the Bill of Rights. Again, I beg to differ. Protesters believe because they are arrested for standing in the streets, creating mobs that may kill people, and blocking traffic with their peace signs that it is against the Bill of Rights. They couldn't be more wrong. It is in fact the protester who is disobeying the law. There would be no problem if the protesters would stand to the side and hold up signs while life goes on, but when innocent lives are at stake the police must do what they can to protect even if it means arresting people.

Hopefully I gave you something to think about. This war is for peace and in order to have peace we must have this war. When our soldiers fight against terrorism they are in fact fighting for peace, because while terrorism is on the loose fear is in the air.



"You're free. And freedom is beautiful. And, you know, it'll take time to restore chaos and order-order out of chaos. But we will." - President G. W. Bush, Washington, D.C., April 13, 2003

Draw a line

By Rudolph Walton
Whalesong Contributor

someone brings up the topic of reality everyone doesn't want to hear you preach. I don't want to, but what I am saying is that what if there really was a meaning to life?

I'm not saying do this, or do that, but I will give you point of advice: turn off your TV. We got one point of leverage over the hours of commercials that we Americans watch. I didn't capitalize America on purpose. We all are human, don't take offense please, this is free style. I don't mean to offend anyone, and I will try to. See this is the mechanics.

Anything that is worth anything comes from the inside. Nothing on the surface will ever affect the condition of the pond. So many people are ducks. There is something there that we are afraid to dive into.

The TV is a great way to waste time. There are many. I am the biggest procrastinator there is, but here it is 5:43 and I'm writing. I get my work done on time. If you make it, that's ok. And if you don't that's ok.

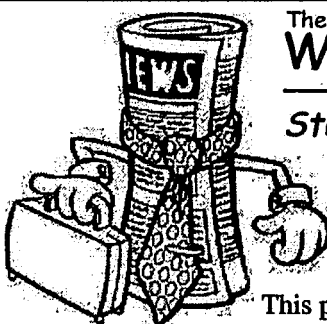
Life is a paradox, and any quote is only black and white. Words are reaching, and everything else is fleeting. You have to strain to open your eyes. It takes so much work to see, only to realize that you need glasses. The mechanics.

Time. We all waste it. And how do we experience it. Is now a more fluid concept (Jeff Leer)? Let's look at this. If there wasn't an exact moment, like the cold tick of a clock, who would win an Olympic race? But we need cameras to catch that shit, and I don't know anybody who can see a bullet. I don't live in Iraq.

What's the meaning of life. Somebody told me that everyone asks. Whenever you have the time. That was only 463 words, I got some more writing to do.

I might have been pretentious, but this is something more direct than you're used to. That's what the hip-hop is. You have got literature, I never cared much for it, reading is good. But there is a certain quality that free style has to it. Keep the beat. Learn to keep, in the state, the dream like state. Don't settle for melodramatic TV, Stuff magazines, and Cosmopolitan. Some ideas aren't worth thinking. Good ideas deserve to be written down. 479. More words to go.

Keep pushing like a soldier. The hero (this soldier walking down a sunlit trail) walks and he is aware. There are no thoughts that matter, and at night he will bring those up, like good books, but today and the next he is going strait through. Aware, and accepting fate. So free from fear. And believe me everyone's scared. At least once in their life.



The Whalesong Position Announcements for Fall 2003

Student Assistant IV-Whalesong Editor

This position will provide editorial and production direction and supervise student reporters working for the campus newspaper, The Whalesong. \$1000/semester plus tuition waiver.

Student Assistant IV-Whalesong Production Manager

This position will work with the Whalesong Editor, Advertising Manager and reporting staff to produce pages for production of the student newspaper. He/She will coordinate the production schedule and proofread the final copy. The Production Manager will also be responsible for on-campus and community distribution of printed paper, and posting issues on the campus web site. \$500/semester plus tuition waiver.

Student Assistant IV-Whalesong Advertising Manager

This position will act as the sales manager for advertising in the student paper. This person will solicit new advertising accounts, create ads and provide invoices to Business Services for appropriate billing. Must be able to track accounts and produce reports showing invoice and final ad copy for audit purposes. \$9.25/hour plus 15% sales commission.

Don't Delay! Positions are open until filled.

For more information contact Kirk McAllister, Whalesong Adviser at 465-6473

Baghdad mayor continued from page 1

One influential Bush adviser on Iraq said Sunday that the United States might be able to pull out of Iraq within "a matter of months," but other experts predicted an American military presence of at least two years and quite possibly longer. Richard Perle, a member of the Bush administration's Defense Policy Board, said the transition to Iraqi rule "could be short, a matter of months. I would hope it would be only a matter of months. The sooner we can leave, the better, and we can leave as soon as there is an Iraqi government or even an interim Iraqi government in place," he said on NBC's "Meet the Press."

But Chalabi said on ABC's "This Week" that U.S. troops need to stay until an election is held, which he said "should take two years."

Sen. Richard Lugar, R-Ind., chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, predicted the mission

would take years. "That may understate it," he said on "Meet the Press."

And former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger predicted that U.S. troops would stay more than two years, noting that troops have been in Bosnia for six years. "It will be necessary to establish a government and to help to protect that government against people who are trying to overthrow the system that is emerging," Kissinger said on CNN's "Late Edition."

Iraqi religious and political leaders launched talks on a new government last week, but satisfying the demands of competing religious and ethnic groups and a secular middle class won't be easy, said Daniel Goure, a military analyst and vice president of the Lexington Institute, a think tank. The Pentagon hopes to turn over control of Iraq to an interim government in 120 days, according to

one defense official, but Goure called that overly optimistic. "Look at what we experienced in the Balkans, and we didn't have a lot of the problems we are facing now," he said.

Troops will be needed to stabilize Iraq and to hedge against the possibility of military action against Iran or Syria, said John Pike, military analyst with GlobalSecurity.org, a research group in Washington, D.C. "The notion that we might have 100,000 troops celebrating Thanksgiving in Iraq is very easy to believe," he said.

(Rosenberg reported from Baghdad; Guynn and Moritsugu reported from Washington. Also contributing were Knight Ridder Newspapers correspondents Juan Tamayo, Matthew Schofield, Nancy Youssef and Andrea Gerlin, all in Baghdad. Peter Smolowitz contributed from Doha, Qatar, as did Jeff Wilkinson from Kuwait City.)

FEATURES

The "Get Some" Mercenaries vs. Adolf Knopf Spire

By Mike Pando
Whalesong Contributor

The mission at hand for our heroes in mountain eering class this week was to engage the monolith known as the Adolf Knopf Spire. The route chosen was up a 60-degree couloir (a deep mountain gully) on the north flank of the mountain at the end of the Davies Creek drainage. Our personnel chosen for this adventure was Jasek "The Gecko" Maselko (a man who's climbing achievement's need no mentioning...he did Everest!) and his number one man, Stephan "I just don't understand why they take so long" Ricci, a climbing monster in his own right and a legend in his own mind.

Our team consisted of Forest "climb, Forest, climb" Wagner, a powerhouse intellect and one hell of a nice guy; Mitch "the Fly-Ass Mo-Fo" that ain't got no time; Chris "Got the Munchies" Coffeen; Skye "Mon' petite pus" Pearson, a.k.a the Canadian Dude; Dominic the "Dominator" Shallies and the only female in the course, Kristina Quinto (I would like to take this opportunity to give her kudos for hanging out with the most motley crew assortment of men ever assembled this side of the Hell's Angels. She is a true testimony to the strength of

womankind). Also, Kevin "the Professor" Krein shadowed our team, providing twin planker back up for the deep and steep couloir, and of course, yours truly, working tirelessly in the field for Whalesong, Pando a.k.a. the Panman. This group was a wonder of nature, dynamic in their prowess, soon to be at the mercy of the monolith waiting above.

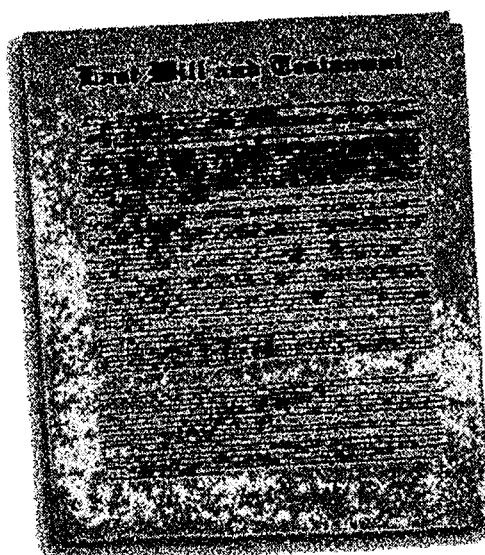
Our team drove out to the destination of Echo Cove and soon we made our way up over the logged out sections like a finely tuned machine. Most of the afternoon was spent bushwacking the way up the valley with the weather unusually beautiful; the birds were singing and bear tracks meandered through the meadows in testimony of their being awake and most likely very hungry. After a number of creek crossings it came time to cross over the main fork of the river and start to climb over the lower foothill of the spire, about this time I



Photo by Mike Pando

The climbing crew setting up protection at the base of the Adolf Knopf Spire.

Designate a driver...



Not a beneficiary.

Drinking and Driving Kills.
You. And Others.

DESIGNATE A DRIVER.

MADD.
Matters Against Drunk Driving

First National Bank
ALASKA
MEMBER FDIC

wondered why we always

had to climb UP to get to the valley floor below what we were climbing UP, I mean does it really make sense?

Anyhow, moving through this nightmarish scenario at this point proved to be a task with the devils club, frozen moss and mashed potato snow tugging, pulling and tripping me up. The sun was beginning to go down and I found myself alone with the footprints of my fellow teammates going off in ten different directions, some in fact only to loop over to a piss stained hole and back. I guess it had been prearranged that I would of course provide cover from the rear, at least that's what I kept telling myself. As we reached the end of the valley, the evergreen trees thinned out to mostly alder and willow with the drainage dominated with river rock and boulders, steep thickly treed canyon's with half frozen waterfalls worked their way up towards the

skyline. There was a sight to behold as the valley disappeared into a huge cirque (a steep hollow excavation caused by glacial erosion), and the colors of the setting sun shined on the hanging glacier above camp. Luna was rising slowly, silver against a pale grey-blue sky, capturing our attention, the couloir looming off to the right. Once camp was broke and dinner made, soon most were sound asleep.

The next morning was peaceful up until the time I started pounding on a pot, screaming "Wake up; we gots to go GET SOME!" even waking the birds. Soon everyone was stirring about lighting stoves to cook oatmeal, or in Kevin's case a three-course vegetarian breakfast. I could not sleep due to the fact that I have the keen hearing of a bat and a squirrel passing wind a mile away is enough to rouse me from sleep. I am like one with the forest, uh, not the dude Forest but the forest we're in. Anyhow I was thinking of the trek all night, I couldn't wait to wake everyone up so as to get a good jump on the hike up the couloir.

The team started off in vigor to ascend the steep like gully that was enclosed by ancient granite walls strangled with ice talons on either side, blocking out most of the sunlight and lending to the mood of it all. The elevation gain was about 2,500 vertical feet that steadily got steeper and steeper until once below the top of the saddle, the couloir ended at about 4,200 above sea level, a gradient of 60 degrees had our team stepping thigh deep in the very stable snow. Dominic and Kevin were falling behind, grimacing from carrying their ski & snowboard equipment up, but gave it the "old college try." Those two, with each labored breath trudged onward to destiny and beyond.

Soon we were on the saddle in between Mt. Adolf Knopf and the adjoining Spire, the arms of Thiel

Continued on page 6

Climbing continued from page 5

Glacier were grasping at the feet of some very steep peaks in the distance, a picture which reminded me of Mordor from J.R.R. Tolkien's "Lord of the Rings," black, jagged and foreboding. Mountain goat tracks went up some terrain that was next to vertical and had me wondering how in the hell they could climb it at all, when we humans can only aspire to gain such lofty heights and skill. We broke out munchies belonging to someone who left their pack unattended, and relaxed a bit before Jasek started to lead climb, setting up protection for us to follow up what proved to be a three-pitch, somewhat mixed route of snow, ice and rock. The technical difficulty wasn't all that bad and most of the members of the team were doing well, but the exposure below proved to be for some an added pucker factor they had not accounted for and soon they were grasping at the rock with white knuckles.

This is the time I broke out the camera and took some pics, questioned my sanity and fight off vertigo, as well as stared off into the distance as far as the eye could see. As I summited the spire, I sighted Mt. Fairweather to the west far behind the Chilkat range, the Lions back to the north of Berners Bay and the Ice Spires to the east with Eagle Peak to the south on Admiralty Island, amongst all the other unnamed peaks simply made the hard work and fatigue fade away with the wind. When we all had reached the summit, we took pictures, ate, joked and laughed like I hadn't done for quite a spell. One thing I can't really explain is that when people are going through an experience together, taxing body and soul, a bond soon develops between all those involved, so it was no wonder that we all had to go to the bathroom really bad and needed to get down a.s.a.p.

The rappel down was a bit nerve racking for some, especially when having to transfer protection from rope to rope while standing on a dinner plate sized lip a couple hundred feet off the deck, 3,500 feet above sea level, but the ride down was well worth it, I was so friggin' pumped with adrenaline I kept repeating aloud "Trust the rope! Trust the rope! TRUST THE @#\$%^&! ROPE!" Soon we were all safely back down to the saddle.

Now this was the part that the Professor and the Dominator were working so hard for, the ultimate payback in the hard currency of "tearing it up." Dom dropped in the steepest section of the couloir off of a windlipped cornice (just joking), first on his heel side, soon to carve up the main section on his toe and back fluid like motions of surf. We hooted and hollered from above. It had been deemed stable after the knuckle-draggin' guinea pig went in, and Kevin was soon rippin' it up the walls of the couloir that just faded off into the shadowed valley below; they were having the time of their lives! And so there we were, standing below the spire we had just climbed up and rappelled off, looking down the 2,000 foot couloir regretting we had not carried our gear up, when Jasek skipped over the lip like the FTD florist man and was soon was engaged in a race glissading on his ass with Stephan in chase, laughing his off. I soon followed and left a wide glide impression with my ass that the rest of the students could ride down like a luge run. We all made it down within half an hour, just in time to hear the rumble of a avalanche ripping over the hanging glacier, Kevin & Dom watching from the comfort of base camp. It was a truly "epic" (just for you, Jasek) day and we spoke of the whole trip again and again over the campfire, roasting marshmallows, veggie dogs, kielbasa and socks, as well as planning for the next outing to Split Thumb.



Mitch "the Mo Fo" Linebarger gettin' some!

Photo by Mike Pando

Spring Highlights

- April 10 - National Alcohol Screening Day
- April 11 - Spring Pool Tournament III, SAC 6 pm
- April 12 - Ice Skating, Treadwell Arena 8:15-10:30 pm
- April 13 - Global Connections Arcata/Humboldt Dinner
- April 19 - Easter Egg Hunt, kids 11 & under of faculty & staff PRIZES! Mourant Courtyard, Noon
- April 19 - Spring Climbing Comp. II, SAC 1 pm
- April 19 - SPRING FLING DANCE, Baranof Hotel, 9 pm-1 am Tickets \$10
- April 21 - 30 - STRESS BREAK ACTIVITIES!!
- April 21 - Free Americanos at Spikes Cafe
- April 22 - Free Americanos at Spikes Cafe
- April 22 - Massage Therapy, Mourant Cafe 10:30-1:30
- April 22 - Ice Cream Social, Mourant Cafe 2 pm
- April 23 - Massage Therapy, Mourant Cafe, 5:30-7:30pm
- April 23 - Acupressure, Mourant Conf, 10:30-2:45 pm
- April 24 - Massage Therapy, Mourant Cafe 12:30-3:30pm
- April 24 - Acupressure, Mourant Conf, 10:30-3:45 pm
- April 25 - Global Connections Year-end Celebration, Student Lounge 12:30 pm
- April 25 - YEAR-END BBQ! Mourant Courtyard, 3 pm
- April 25 - Massage Therapy, Mourant Cafe, 12:30-3:30 pm
- April 28 - Massage Therapy, Mourant Cafe, 10:30-1:30
- April 29 - Acupressure, Mourant Conf, 10:30-2:45 pm
- April 30 - Ice Cream Social, Mourant Cafe, 2 pm
- May 1 - Hypnotist Arlow Moreland, SAC 8 pm

Opportunities continued from page 1

he visited there in the early 1970 s, science students spend a lot of time at Sandy Beach, because this project requires a skimboard. A science students' work never ends. Before they can get into the hot tub they have to break out the pH testing kit.

Students have to be careful with this kind of inventive curriculum. After all your picture could wind up on the front page of the Juneau Empire (Go Kevin!) and Professor Walz adamantly reminds us that, "playing Marco Polo in the hot tub is not a viable option for HIST 106 extra credit."

For students who can't stay in their seats any longer and want some action and credits before fall Professor Daniel Monteith and Professor Cathy Connor are offering Anthropology 493 and Geology 193. They won't have trouble keeping students in their seats because these classes will be led in Glacier Bay National Monument, mapping various bays and beaches. Students will learn practical archeological survey techniques such as mapping and collecting data, skills that could lead to a paid field position in their future. This class will be doing documentation for traditional cultural land nominations for Tlingit people from Hoonah for the customary, modern and traditional use of Glacier Bay. Cathy Connor will be doing field research on the glacial history of the properties examined. If this project were successful with the traditional, cultural property nomination, it would be one of the first for the State of Alaska. Don't forget the sunblock and the M&M's.

Life in the Matrix

By Dixie Normus and Alotta Vogyna

Are you expecting word that like Agent Smith, Phillip has somehow magically re-entered my romantic life after he left for good? Well tough, the world isn't that nice. This is Alotta, anyway, and yes, Dixie is on a vacation very, very far away and I'm in charge now, so you are in for a different story. And since I have free reign I would just like to say, "What on earth was going on with the student government elections?!" *'She's the Dick to my Bush?'* Who do these two chicks think they are? I personally was shocked that they were even allowed to do that, and after I had seen the zillionth poster of Kaci Hamilton jumping into Auke Bay with paint on, saying we should vote for her because she's Jamaican and daring, and tacky and inappropriate spoof of my President and his admittedly debilitated side-kick, I had had enough. I'm sorry people, it takes a little more than one's own self-perceived 'coolness' and the ability to toy with the English language to get my vote to become my student leader.

Anyway, on to more important things. So during the 18th Annual Legislative Conference, I met a hot-to-trot honey named Mark from Anchorage while he was in town. He came in on the weekend before the conference actually and I took him around to the

glacier and showed him the sites, yada, yada, yah. Later that day, I invited a bunch of friends over to my house; it also happened to be the last night he was in town and he of course was in attendance. What can I say, too many vodka shots and a few hamburgers later we were having our own private party. Unfortunately, he was flying back to Anchorage the following morning and who knew where it would go from there. I was a bit unsettled; was this my first one night stand staring me in the face?

Not to fear lads, the Mighty Relationship Gods were finally on my side and were no longer laughing at my expense. Mark came back the following weekend and we got together. No, get your mind out of the gutter. We decided to do the long-distance relationship thing and try to be boyfriend/girlfriend. Ha! Did I mention something about the Mighty Relationship Gods being on my side? Well I guess they got fed-up with my happiness because our union could possibly go down in the Guinness Book of World Records as the shortest relationship ever!

Yeah; back to Kaci girl again, do you want to know what I did over my spring break? I got dumped. I got dumped by a guy that I was with for two weeks, one of which consisted of our communication being conducted entirely over the phone.

Why are the Mighty Relationship Gods doing this to me?

We were lying in bed at his Dad's house and I had one of the omens; one of those feelings/premonitions that told me bad news was about to come my way and about to hit hard. I don't really remember his exact wording right now, because everything is such a heartbroken blur that the basic gist was, "Maybe this isn't going to work out..."

Absolutely nothing good can come from that statement. I, without hesitation, begin freaking out and bawling and asking, "Why? Why? Why?" This continues for a period of time with him trying to tell me that I'm a great girl and that he cares about me and that all the emotions he has for me will still be here and he will have my support and the list of crap that I don't want to hear just goes on and on. By this time I am up on my feet, pacing back and forth and having a slight nervous breakdown. When did things all of sudden go so drastically wrong that he felt the need to terminate our budding relationship? Why was I now feeling un-surprised and completely aware that this had been coming all along? Then the big blow comes, the one you don't see coming, that knocks the wind out of you to the point where you think you may never recover.

Ketchikan Corner: Student Leadership Conference

By Wendy Gierard
Whalesong Contributor

April 4-5, 2003 brought together a diverse group of individuals all looking for guidance and training in leadership. The First Annual UAS Ketchikan New Generation Leadership Conference gave 22 students, ranging in age from 16 to 40, the skills and knowledge they need to be the leaders of tomorrow.

This one-credit, two day, course was made possible through a grant from the University of Alaska Southeast chancellor's office along with support from UAS Ketchikan Student Government, Phi Theta Kappa Honor Society and Alaskan and Proud Markets. The course was designed by UAS Ketchikan Assistant Professor of Business, Cathy LeCompte, and UAS Juneau Adjunct Faculty, Timi Tullis. UAS Ketchikan Computer Information and Office Systems faculty, Patti DeAngelis and Eric Hummel, assisted in both planning and teaching during the conference.

Students spent the first day learning about themselves through the True Colors personality assessment, interpersonal communication, personal time management, diversity, personal initiative and ethical decision-making were also part of the day.

The second day was spent on team activities including group reflection, group leadership, meeting skills, Robert's Rules of Order, meeting facilitation and group dynamics.

Through the use of games, challenges and other group activities, the students had fun while interacting with each other and learning techniques to work within a group effectively. Activities included a straw and pin building exercise, a marble through pipe application and a real-life scenario for teams to work through and then present their recommendations to the larger group.

A special lunch-time presentation offered by Community Connections and Alaskans for Drug Free Youth featured the Phi Theta Kappa honor topic of lifestyle choices and balance. This lunch included a game where participants had to keep "life" balloons in the air while the speakers threw more balloons with life's difficult situations at them.

Students were expected to complete the course by writing a two-page reflection paper which addressed course expectations, learning moments, application to real life, goals after taking the course and other constructive comments about the course itself.

Students impressed the faculty. "The students stayed on topic during the scenario exercise. They all stayed really focused on the policy and did not let their personal belief affect their decision," said Cathy LeCompte after the event was complete. All the students seemed pleased with the course. One student in particular found the conference life changing. The



Students working it out in the Ketchikan Student Leadership Conference.

Photo courtesy of Wendy Gierard

student connected with the "True Colors Program" and is now being encouraged to become a youth presenter. "For a student who was on the edge of dropping out to move into a leadership role is a dramatic and satisfying outcome. We are looking forward to next year," said LeCompte.

Next year's New Generation Leadership Conference is set for January 30-31, 2004.

New Student Government a Sham?!

By Michael Johnson
Whalesong Staff

I demand a recount. This isn't Florida. Over this semester, I've become acutely aware that UASers despise George and his failure to win the popular vote in the presidential election. This is democratically understandable. What I fail to grasp is how a duo whose campaign slogan was "She's a Dick to my Bush" made it into office here at UAS, despite everyone's hatred for our current Whitehouse genitals, er ... gentiles. It just doesn't add up, thus I must conclude there is a scandal afoot. But fear not, fellow law-abiders, I'll get to the root of this evil, whatever it takes.

Our infiltrators are named Kaci Hamilton, "president" (if her visa is valid), and Sahar Ghorbanpour, "vice-president" (pending investigation). These charlatan foreigners, Jamaican and Iranian respectively, are backed by five student "senators." These folks are, no doubt, bought-off "yes" people whom will agree to any anti-educational plot, provided they will get free food in the cafeteria. But I won't hold it against them. After all, the election competition was fierce (none). Besides, who can turn down free food? Certainly not me. But back to the ringleaders, the real criminals. UASers, a rigged election is a serious matter. Damn serious. So naturally, I did a little investigating of the questionables...

When I approached Ms. Hamilton (we'll call her "Imposter A") in the computer lab to ask for an interview, beads of sweat instantly started streaming down her face. As she stammered and stumbled for excuses, I glanced over her shoulder and spotted Imposter B, trying to look simultaneously inconspicuous and intelligent (but to no avail). Then I noticed a very uncommon accessory for these two goof-offs: backpacks. Now I am no detective, but, being American, I can smell a terrorist from a mile away. Particularly if their religion prohibits showers. UASers, when I saw these two hooky-masters with backpacks, I *knew* they were planning to blow up the computer lab. I could smell it.

Normally I wouldn't have much cared; I like a good explosion as much as the next idiot. But currently, I have no internet access at my house and realized that their heinous act would put me at great inconvenience. With eBay and porn at stake, I *had* to intervene. So as they both nervously listed their rolodex of excuses as to why "now is a bad time for an interview" (blah blah blah, we're trying to bomb some stuff, blah blah blah...), I realized that the only bait to lure them out of this explosive situation was, you guessed it, ice-cream. McFlurries, to be exact. And, being McAmericans (according to their "passports"), it worked. Situation averted for \$4.37 plus agonizing conversation and tax, but they refused to talk business



Photo courtesy of Michael Johnson

Imposter A does her best campaign wave, noticeably Hitler-esque, while her running mate, Imposter B, tries to intimidate the competition.

until the following day ... a diabolical plan that would enable them to synchronize their stories, no doubt.

So when the next day did roll around, I was unsurprised to learn that Imposter B had skipped town. I'm serious. Just up and gone, probably to meet with some al-Qaida uppers to learn how to silence a nosy reporter. After all, I was on to them: Bush needed the war to gain public favor, just as these Imposters needed a

good ol' fashion bombing to make smart UASers overlook the fact that we allowed an Iranian and a Jamaican to infiltrate jobs that we could've easily done poorly ourselves. I will expose it; these outsider phonies are playing both sides.

Imposter A met with me for a few minutes in the Novatney Building; I figured it was safe ground because, who cares about financial aid and enrollment, anyways? She

had a few things to say: "Students need an assertive, capable leader to represent them and ensure their needs are met." Nodding appreciatively, I made a quick note of a possible Hitler complex and urged her to continue. Hamilton explained that she wants to act as "a fluid medium for students to convey their desires," (whatever the hell that means), and that she hopes to "increase program options." She said some other things too, that may have been important, but it is hard to understand anything from the mouth of a Jamaican (yeah, she'll make a great president). Nevertheless, I got the gist: so, okay, she wants to be receptive to the students and bring us more choices. Supposedly, she'll help us. Theoretically, that's nice. But why is our president elect of the United Students University of Alaska Southeast, Juneau campus, even here in the first place? I wonder ... shouldn't she be thousands of miles away, tending her crop with a fat joint hanging from her lips, humming "No woman, no cry?" Isn't that what Jamaicans do? Her answer? "I came to Alaska because I wanted a radical, extreme experience. Something really different." I made a few more quick notes: *radical, extremist* ... With any luck, I'll have her deported before you can say "impeach."

"She's a Dick to my Bush." Well, UASers, we have one consolation in all this mess: it's a damn good thing that there is no Secretary of the Students State position, or the campaign slogan could've got *real* nasty: "She's a Dick to my Colon, but don't give my Bush the finger." And you thought the war images were shocking and graphic. Maybe we should just be happy with the government we've already got. Even if they're terrorists.

Carol,
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and your future! We
love you!
-The Smith Family

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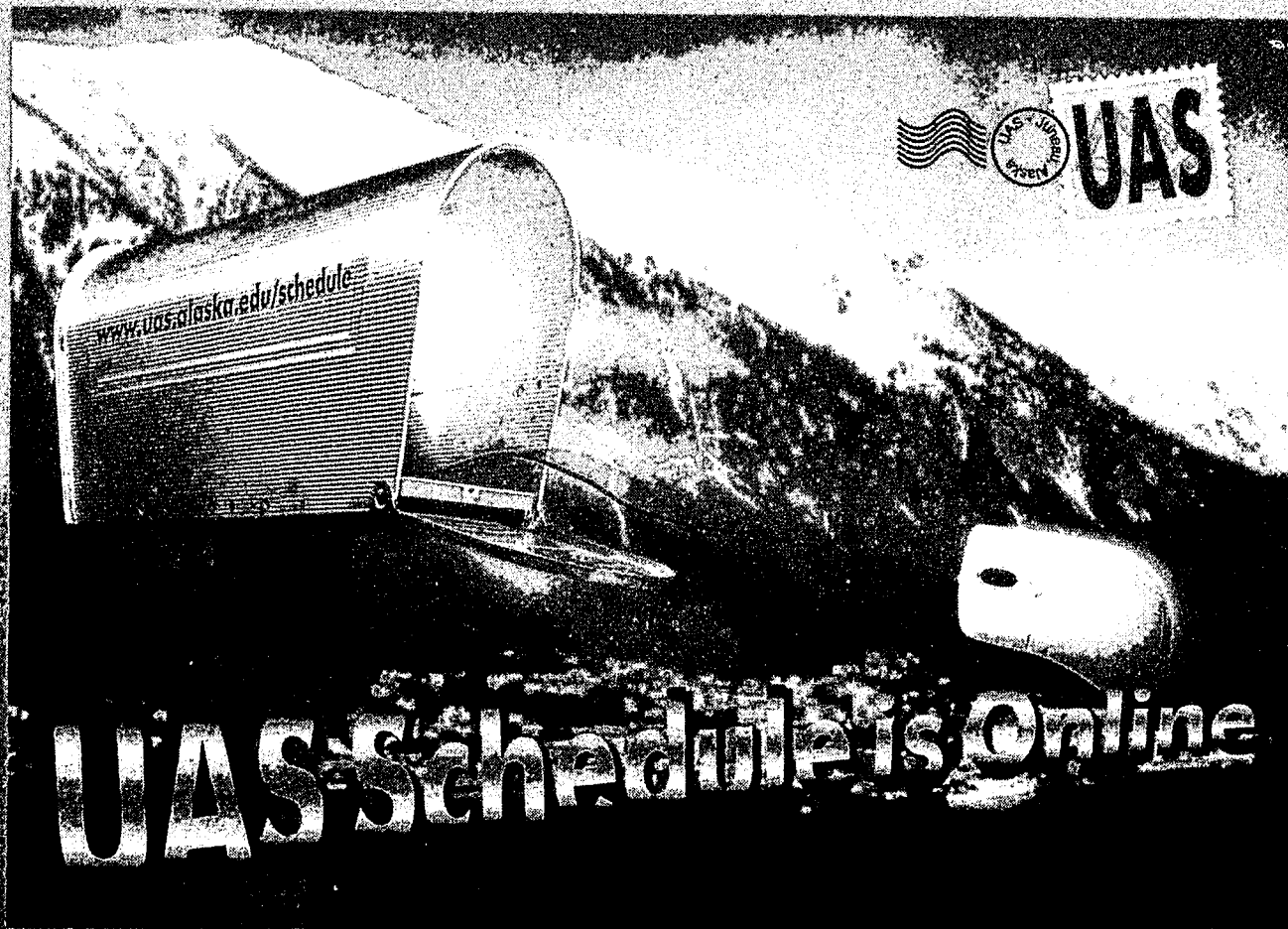
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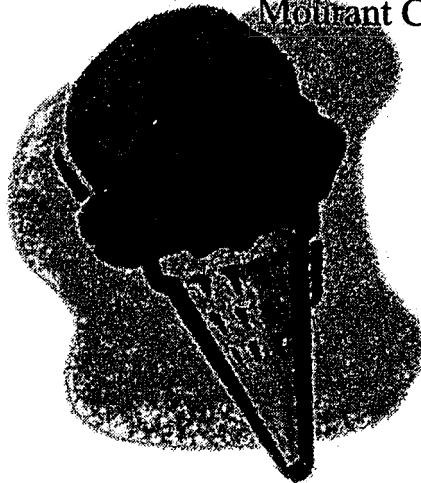
Wednesday, April 23-
Free massage therapy
Mourant Café, 5:30-7:30 p.m.



Thursday, April 23-
Beginning & Advanced
climbing
SAC, 12-1:30 p.m.

Friday, April 25-
Year-end BBQ
Mourant Courtyard, 3 p.m.

Wednesday, March 30-
Ice cream social
Mourant Café, 2 p.m.



Thursday, May 1-
Hypnotist Arlow Moreland
SAC, 8 p.m.
Free to SAC members!



The Whalesong
wishes everyone a non-
stressful Finals Week!

Student Spotlight: Ben Gilles, Rockstar or Farmer Joe?

By Kaci Hamilton
Whalesong Contributor

So for a while during the election process, there was this kinda cute, you-blend-in-but-definitely-stand-out guy in campus who would occasionally say random things to me and comment on how much he liked my posters and then later telling me he voted for me, etc. As with most of the other students, I had no idea what his name was. Then I happen to go over to Dulcey's house one night and none other than kinda cute you-blend-in-but-definitely-stand-out guy is there. I finally get to meet him personally and the guy is Ben Gilles. Benjamin Mark Gilles, in fact.

The only reason I know this is because one of the first questions I asked Ben for our interview was, "What's your full name?" Krikey, I just meant the bare necessities! But right off the bat, Ben was stepping outside of the box. I do this all the time and I know I shouldn't, but I had put Ben in one of those little boxes where I assumed I knew him and then the minute he started talking, the box disintegrated and fell to pieces. The box I had constructed consisted of the manly-semi-moron-jock-who-calls-girls-chicks-and-lies-beaneth-the-beer-tap-like-that-guy-on-The-Simpsons. I was wrong about some of it. Just kidding! Ben tells me that he has two younger brothers, no sisters.

"So how are you supposed to know how to treat a woman?" I ask. His eyes dart furtively around and I can tell he's wondering if this is a trick question. I decide to unwrap the imaginary elastic band I've put around his balls and throw him a bone. "Your mother?" I offer.

He quickly smiles in relief and laughs, "Yeah, that's what I was going to say but..." His sentence trails off uncertainly. Poor Ben, he has no idea what he's gotten himself into.

So onto the real stuff, Ben moved here last August from Washington, where he lived in a little town of

4000 called Sequim (pronounced squim). Ben moved to Alaska for several reasons, one being the name of his hometown. "It's the greatest state ever and I like to fish and hunt and hike and this is the best place to do it." He and a friend caught a bear last year and made hamburgers with it. I won't tell you the size of the bear, as some things are just better left to the imagination.

So all those reasons brought him here, plus he wants to manage a fish hatchery. You know most kids are chirping out fire fighter and doctor and millionaire when they're young, but what kind of person decisively wants to manage - not just work in or own - a fish hatchery? Well, this Marine Biology major came to the right place for it. Right now Ben works as a DJ for 105.1 FM (TAKU) on Saturdays from 1-4 p.m. This is the country station, people, and though he doesn't step out of the box on this one like I hoped he would, all he does play is country (yeah country fans). According to him, "It's awesome!" So says the guy who was blasting Eminem out of his bedroom window a few days ago!

But this is not what he plans to do for the summer. He's going to be living the fish hatchery dream. He's is going to be living in Sitka working for; you guessed it, a fish hatchery. All he has to do is wake-up, feed the fish in the morning, have the day off, feed the fish in the evening and go to bed. What does he plan to do in between feedings? "I'm just going to put my pistol in my holster and run around naked all day." Now, he mentioned something about wanting to manage a hatchery because they're remote and he can hunt and fish and hike, but quite frankly I think that's B.S. He simply wants to engage in his nudist, hedonistic tendencies! Yes, that's it. Ben's a freak.

All this time Ben has been standing on the opposite side of the Activities and Housing desk because Justin Whittington is sitting in the chair I reserved for him.

Continued on page 12

Broken Word: unable to fix

By Sean Smith
Whalesong Staff

"Big Poppa E makes his" corny "way to the mic...energy is cranked so high...the audience leaps up, dappling hands, snapping fingers, all stomping feet..." and says a fart joke?

On Sat. 4th the students of UAS got the privilege of seeing two totally obnoxious characters yell, spit, and insult their way into the Student Activity Center. Big Poppa E and Mathew John Connely must have changed their approach to Slam Poetry when The Washington Post was around because for the sake of our small college in Alaska they brought out the lowest of low when it comes to maturity and poetry.

The UAS Student Government must have gotten the wrong reviews because it is hard to think that they would have spent the student's money for a couple of skin heads from Austin, Texas, who have little respect for Alaska and its people and even less poetical talent. The hour and a half long poetry reading, if you want to call it that, did show signs of

hope during a few of the slam poems, but by contorting their body and, more than once, professing their "wussyness" while strategically placing the mic between their legs, made little impression on this offended reporter.

The profanity spitting poets, Poppa E claiming he is from "wussy" core, made their way to Alaska to insult the pitifully small crowd and yell off rants about ex-girlfriends, "Jell-O Mold Madonna" and a "Jugs Magazine of Eternity." They must have had some sort of skill to be invited to various venues around the country, but these guys and their actions better related to my 13 year-old brother who gets a chuckle out of the word "asshole" and fart jokes.

Of course, my opinion is not universal: "It was entertaining. The 'Slammers' were engaging and spoke towards the generation of our audience," said Toby Clark, the new Student Activities Manager, about the performance. But, of course, he would say that, being the brand new manager and slamming the 'slammers' would not look good right out the gate.

Continued on page 11

Somebody screw up already

By Michael Johnson
Whalesong Staff

When I think of folk fests, visions come to mind of peace-preaching, marijuana-reefing, like-thinking do-gooders who haven't showered in three days. Maybe even four days. Until recently, the only encounter I'd had with the world of folk music was at the Talkeetna Bluegrass festival, which revolves more around LSD than melodious harmony, creating an "audience" that can't find their butt with both hands, much less the stage.

My opinion has changed. After attending several days of spectrum-spanning, noise-enhancing, diaper-dancing festivities at the Folk Fest, I am forced to turn this piece into a positive portrayal. While I saw a good deal of people who were prime examples of my preconceptions, these same folks carried with them a contagious elation for the entire situation: unexpected, to say the least. Consequently, here's my disclaimer: brace yourself for mediocre reporting, as positivity isn't what I'd planned. Nothing was terrible, so I'm not sure what I'll have to say. But it will probably suck.

Yes, the 29th Annual Alaska Folk Fest was awesome and if you missed it, you missed out. Indeed, of the 3,412 people that attended the week-long festival, 92 percent went home happy, according to a voice in my head that invents seemingly valid statistics. The other 8 percent were happy, too, but they passed out at the festival, or in their neighbor's lawn. Too happy to make it home.

Everyone I saw at the festivities was smiling, and why not? The event was free, after all: if you thought an act was crap, there was no obligatory need to suffer through it to make you feel like you got your money's worth (though if you got up and left, you felt like a jackass). Nevertheless, the option to easily escape and re-enter was essential, especially considering the significant variance in musical quality, and the need to pee out about a gallon of beer every 11 minutes.

Variance in quality, true, but no band was terrible. Oh, except for Abulacantamakanoisa, an Iraqi ensemble that originally attempted to pose as an Amish quartet (and damn near succeeded). Their oil-drummer was the only instrumentalist to really stand out, though I'm not sure why... In any event, Abula's 37-minute rendition of American Pie was heart-touchingly Big Mac-ish. Especially their slightly altered chorus that went, "Say bye, or we'll cry, you fat American pies, drove our camels to our city but our city was occupied, n' good old Arabs are drinking McFlurrys with fries, singing this will be the day that we cry." Heck, if I were an Iraqi, I'd probably cry too. McFlurrys are gross.

Seriously, though, there were about 150 time slots throughout the event, filled with musicians from as far away as Scotland and as proximate as your peers. Yes, a slew of UASers performed for the Folk Fest, among them Dave Conway, Jason Messing, Roberta Hubbard, Erin Tilly, Akemi Kunibe, Sadie and Lacey Ingals, and probably many more that I was too "festive" to remember. UAS professor Ashley Ahrens did a solo guitar act that, I grudgingly admit, was impressive. My Spanish teacher, Rick Bellagh, and his band, The Peace Cranes, put on a performance proportional to their size (humungous). It was really good. Bummer for me, too: Bellagh's band was one of the last to perform and I was counting on them to screw up so I would have *somebody* to rail on. Well, I suppose there's always next article...

Broken word continued from page 10

I was one of the fortunate to be seated right in front of the stage and semi-facing the audience who I witnessed more than one member of leave because of the crudeness, not to mention the spit that I was forced to repeatedly wipe from my face after each poet was done screaming about some sort of random topic. I am not a pansy by any means and can think of a few horrible words to prove it, but this type of entertainment did not appeal to the greater majority of the UAS audience, who on the whole, I feel have more to say than the hired help.

The highlight of show, which if not required for class I would not spend a Saturday night watching, came when the two poets stepped to the mic for a Haiku Death-Match. They each took a turn to recite a haiku, a Chinese form of poetry, that the audience would vote on to declare a winner. This, aside from a poem that consisted of the alphabet, showcased the reason these two poets were hired to be performers. Big Poppa conquered Connely by reciting a touching poem about his current girlfriend, and Connely was put to death following his last performance of the night.

This was immediately overshadowed by the sudden declaration that Big Poppa E made when he screamed, "We are not afraid to suck." I thought this fitting to conclude the show because that is exactly what they did, suck.

Way out sounds weigh in

By Joshua "J-Love" Edward
Whalesong Staff

Summer 2003 is proving to be a surprisingly auspicious time for music aficionados, so, chockablock full of great releases even the most jaded fan could swoon to their knees in aural pleasure!

At the top of the heap is Cat Power, whose *You Are Free* presents a heady mix of fragile vocals and over-the-top rock licks. With guests including Eddie Vedder (Pearl Jam) and Dave Grohl (Foo Fighters), this one has enough cross over appeal to finally break Chan Marshall (both the "cat" and "power" of the band) into the big time. Album opener "I Don't Blame You" is especially strong.

Slo-fi stalwarts Black Heart Procession wax warm, moist and violent on their amazing concept album *Amore del Tropico*. Talking Heads-esque progressions fade seamlessly in and out of a rich Esquivel infused background, and "Why I Stay" is, quite simply, the song Chris Isaak always should have made. A strong, consistent offering from some of San Diego's best.

My obsession with the circumpolar north continues with *Unrest*, the first solo release by Kings of Convenience (da KOC) front man Erlend Øye. Where the KOC breathed new life into soft guitar rock, Øye proves himself similarly adept at reinventing blip-hop. "Every Party Has a Winner and a Loser" is the bestest, freakiest piece of Norwegian infused R&B these ears have ever heard. Come to think of it, it's the only Norwegian R&B I've ever heard. Whatever it is, it works. *Unrest*, which was recorded in nine different countries with nine different producers, is definitely a musical experiment worth checkin' out y'all.

On their fourth release *100th Window*, Massive Attack tread familiar ground (not a bad thing if you ask me). Derided by some in the music press as *Mezzanine* outtake sound-a-likes, the album is still a worthy purchase, especially the spookyooky "A Prayer for England," featuring everybody's favorite unstable ingénue Sinead O'Connor.

Don't believe the hype: if #1, the first release by New York collective Fischerspooner is any indication, the much lauded "electroclash" musical movement is overhyped and overproduced. One taste will fill you up. Also occupying the "has bin" (hee hee) is *Love Box*, the newest release from UK down tempo pioneers Groove Armada. While "Think Twice..." featuring the forgotten Neneh Cherry, is one of their best songs yet, the album as a whole is quite definitely their most lackluster to date.

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Post-Modern post-mortem: "Six Feet Under" review

By Joshua Edward
Whalesong Staff

I am addicted to a television show. I exhibit all the classic symptoms; an irrational irritability when my "score" falls through, sleepless nights, the prodigious amount of time I spend on file swapping servers trying to locate my next fix. Brother, sister, before you judge, let me plead my case. The show in question is HBO's "Six Feet Under" (6'), and those among you who've tuned in know just what I'm talking about. For the uninitiated out there, listen up.

Our house was turned on to 6' after we ran out of fresh episodes of "Sex and the City." We had discovered that, unconstrained by traditional network censorship, HBO was able to provide some of the freshest, most unfettered television in years. So we dug in. We started sharing every Sunday night with the Fishers; the wacky clan of undertakers that the series chronicles. We shared a bad meth trip with Claire when, post-high, she found out her father had been killed in an auto accident. We watched aghast as Ruth lost her life's savings in order to pay off the Russian mob for her boyfriend (who dumped her in short order). We've seen David through his coming out, and in the process, witnessed the first honest-to-god gay character in television history (sure, Will is funny, but come on- he's about as real as Dubya's interest in democracy!). And Nate- cute, touchy-feely, messed-up Nate; he of the tussled hair and "drop dead" good looks- we rode with him on the train wreck that was his relationship with Brenda, saw him through his life threatening illness, and now wade with him through the quagmire of domestic life. Ah Fishers, we knew ye when!

It's rare that a television series can provide an audience with consistent quality episodes. Even some of the best ("Sex and the City," "Trading Spaces") occasionally fall flat. Thus far, 6' seems immune; now halfway through the third season, it shows no sign of faltering. As the show's momentum continues to build, you can bet that if you don't know any addicts yet, you will soon. Maybe a 12-step program is in order ...

Why you should watch this show: It's billed as "Television elevated to an art form," which though snobbish, is completely accurate. And, Kathy Bates guest directs.

Standout Episode: #24. Claire takes mushrooms and makes her mom a pair of "renaissance" pants to die for.

The Illegitimate Lovechild of: "Dallas," "American Beauty"



Photo courtesy of Ben Gilles
Ben Gilles, not just another Northwest hick..

swelled immediately to the point where he couldn't pull his pants on or off. "I was pretty lucky." He said. There it is. I was expecting, "Yeah, it hurt but my ego is so big that I can handle anything." He didn't credit anything to his amazing physical capabilities or his super human healing strength. I was impressed.

UAS is not the only school that Ben has attended. He spent a year in Hawaii, on the big island, Hawaii, at the University of Hawaii. He did NOT go there to hunt, fish and hike. Ok, maybe to hike a little. But it was primarily to get out of Sequim, the po-dunk paradise, and to get to scuba dive. Are you ready for some scary scuba diving stories? So he went out to Auke Rec one day to catch crabs and as he's about to go into the water, he saw some sea lions several feet away. Yet, it didn't really sink in that the sea lions might actually decide to go diving with him. Needless to say, 40 minutes into the dive, he noticed a dark shadow go by above him. All of sudden, something bonks his Scuba tank. It was a sea lion. Ben actually admits that he almost crapped his dry suit. Once again, I'm impressed

Somewhere in the interview, he told me that he has a nickname - Rockstar. However, we never really get to

where the name came from. The interview is coming to an end and Ben asks to use my computer. He proceeds to print 20 labels that say 'Rockstar' from the dynamo label maker. He has no idea whose computer it is, what the label maker is used for, etc. But what the heck, you can't knock a guy who jumps at an opportunity. I look at the kinda cute you-blend-in-but-you-definitely-stand-out guy sitting at my supervisor's computer wearing a 'farmer Joe' outfit while printing 'Rockstar' labels. Which one is he? I wonder. I'll let you decide for yourself.

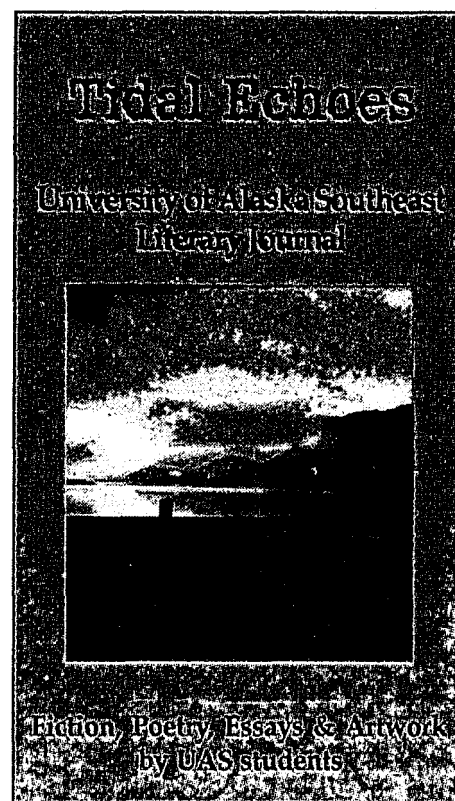
Ben Gilles continued from page 10

Finally, Justin gets up and he gets to sit down and the conversation turns to Euphoric Transition Moments - like when you've been standing for a very long time and you finally get to sit down, or better yet, when you're dying to pee and you finally get to the bathroom. Oh yeah. He's agreeing with me all the way. Ben is now sitting on the chair wearing what I like to call his 'Farmer Joe' outfit: a tight, long-sleeved, teal cotton shirt, brown pants in the Filson material, them good ol' xtratuffs and a hat that looks like he should smell like dung. I love it.

So back to some of Ben's jobs and hobbies. His parents own a construction business and they more or less exploited him for child labor at an early age. He's been doing the construction thing since he was about three (or maybe a little older, like 14). Are you ready for some scary construction stories? He was working on a house once and they were using an excavator to transport a beam to be put in concrete and what do you know, the beam manages to fall on his shin. Miraculously defying all odds, nothing is broken. Here is where Ben steps out of the box again. He opted not to go to the hospital and just deal with the pain instead. His leg

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HELP PLAN NEW STUDENT HOUSING

By Wayne Jensen
of Jensen Yorba Lott, Inc.

With increasing enrollment at the University of Alaska Southeast, the University has taken a proactive stance in improving the overall University environment. One particular concern is the provision of Student Housing. As a result of this concern, Student Services has developed and distributed a student survey designed to glean valuable information from all UAS students, not just those residing in student housing.

The University asks that these surveys be completed and returned in the accompanying postage paid envelope by April 28, 2003. All responses are held in the strictest confidence. No one completing the survey is asked to identify themselves, nor has any coding been used to identify individual responses.

This survey has been mailed to all students, however in the event that you have not received your copy there are additional copies available from Tish Griffin-Satre and the staff of Student Services.

If you have any questions about the meaning of any particular question, please phone Vickie at Facilities Services at 465-6496.

Your contribution to this study is greatly appreciated.



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